SCARLET SPIDERS®

#1

SPIDER-VERSE

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AFTER A HIGH SCHOOL DEMONSTRATION ON RADIOACTIVITY, PETER PARKER BECAME THE CRIME-FIGHTING SUPER HERO SPIDER-MAN. ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE, THOUGH, HIS DNA HAS BEEN CLONED AND ALTERED TIME AND AGAIN. NOW, AS THE SPIDERS FROM EVERY DIMENSION HAVE COME TOGETHER IN A WAR FOR THEIR OWN SURVIVAL, THREE OF THOSE CLONES HAVE JOINED FORCES TO EMBARK ON A DANGEROUS MISSION.

SPIDER-VERSE
SCARLET SPIDERS
THE WIDOW

After an explosive clash with the Inheritors, the Spiders of the multiverse realized that the interdimensional hunters on their tails have access to cloning technology, making the family a nearly unstoppable force.

Three clones of Peter Parker – ***Kaine***, the Scarlet Spider of the Marvel Universe, ***Ben Reilly***, the Spider-Man of his own dimension, and ***Jessica Drew***, a female clone of Peter Parker and a member of the Ultimates – traveled to the dimension that the clones have originated from.

They had no idea what was waiting for them on the other side.

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HER NAME IS JESSICA DREW, AND SHE HAS LEARNED TO EXPECT THE WORST.

OH, MAN. THIS PLACE *STINKS.*

SHE IS ON A SUICIDE MISSION WITH TWO MEN WHO--LIKE HER--ARE CLONES OF PETER PARKER.

CHEMICALS. ROT. DECAY. JUST *ONCE* I'D LIKE A BLOODTHIRSTY MANIAC TO SWITCH IT UP.

ACTUALLY... SILVERMANE USED TO SMELL PRETTY GOOD. BEFORE HE BECAME A WITHERED OLD HEAD...

NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO, SHE WAS PART OF A MASSIVE CONFLAGRATION OF ALTERNATE-UNIVERSE SPIDER-POWERED HEROES AND THE *INHERITORS*--INTER-DIMENSIONAL BEINGS THAT PREY UPON THEM.

OKAY, TEAM. IF YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE KINDS OF THINGS I HAVE...

(AND I ASSUME YOU HAVE SINCE YOU *ARE* ME IN SOME INCREDIBLY WEIRD WAY THAT MAKES MY *TEETH* ITCH.)

...THEN YOU'VE SEEN SOME *SERIOUS* STUFF IN YOUR TIME.

IN THE MONTHS BEFORE THAT, SHE'D BEEN AN ULTIMATE, TRAINED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND NICK FURY.

BUT WE PROBABLY TRACKED ONE OF THESE VICIOUS FREAKS TO THEIR HOMEWORLD. SO WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF MISERABLE HELLSCAPE WE'RE ABOUT TO ENCOUNTER?

NOT TWO YEARS BEFORE THAT, SHE WAS JUST BEING BORN. SHE HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN FALLING *UP* SINCE THEN...

OH.

MY.

...BUT SHE *HAS* LEARNED TO EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED.

GOD.

WE GOTTA GET BACK INSIDE!

WHOA.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL OUT THERE! I DIDN'T SEE EVEN *ONE* STARBUCKS. WHAT KIND OF VILLAIN HOMEWORLD *IS* THIS?

YEAH, I SAW. SO WE CAN'T GO OUT THERE LIKE THIS.

THE DEVICE THE OTHER SPIDER-MAN GAVE US PREVENTS THOSE CREATURES FROM *SENSING* US, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE US *INVISIBLE.**

WE'LL BE NOTICED IMMEDIATELY IF WE GO SWINGING AROUND.

*--SEE *AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #10!* --DEDUCTIVE DEV

ER, OKAY. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

YOU DON'T HAVE CIVILIAN CLOTHES ON UNDER YOUR SUIT, DO YOU? BECAUSE... THAT'S BACKWARDS.

I THINK WE'RE IN SOME KIND OF HOSPITAL. I FOUND THESE.

GOOD WORK, KAINE. WHERE'S YOURS?

I HAVE A STEALTH SUIT THAT TURNS *INVISIBLE*. I DON'T NEED A SMOCK.

HOW DO YOU THINK I GOT THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

INVISIBLE TO NATURAL LIGHT, OR I.R. AS WELL? CAN IT MASK YOUR PHEROMONES?

I DON'T KNOW. IT MAKES ME INVISIBLE.

PEOPLE CAN'T SEE ME.

I THINK I KNOW WHICH SUIT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. IF IT'S ANYTHING LIKE THE ONE I BUILT IN MY WORLD, THAT'S A LUCKY THING FOR US TO HAVE.

THIS ISN'T ONE OF THOSE SMOCKS THAT EXPOSES THE BUTT, IS IT?

IT IS, ISN'T IT?

WE'LL AVERT OUR EYES.

LET'S GO. KAINE, SCOUT AHEAD AND LEAD THE WAY.

JENNIX SEES YOU WITHIN THE MACHINE. THERE IS NOBILITY IN YOUR UTILITY.

THERE ARE ELEGANT SECRETS IN *COMPLEXITY.* YOU ARE PART OF SOMETHING *COMPLEX.*

OH YEAH, THIS IS DEFINITELY ONE OF THEIR HOMEWORLDS.

KNOW HOW I CAN TELL? *THIS* GUY'S A TV STAR.

GROUP OF PEOPLE COMING DOWN THE HALL. DRESSED LIKE PATIENTS.

HERE WE GO. BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

JENNIX IS NOT CAPRICIOUS. JENNIX DOES NOT CREATE IN VAIN. EACH OF YOU HAS *PURPOSE.*

THEY JUST SHUFFLED BY LIKE ZOMBIES. IT'S LIKE THEY DIDN'T EVEN *NOTICE* YOU.

AND DID YOU SEE? THEY WERE *CLONES.*

NO WAY DID WE STUMBLE RIGHT INTO THEIR CLONE FACTORY ON OUR FIRST TRY. NOT EVEN *I'M* THAT LUCKY.

I DOUBT IT. THOSE WEREN'T INHERITORS--TOO PHYSICALLY NORMAL AND *WAY* TOO PLACID.

IF THIS *IS* THEIR HOMEWORLD--OR *ONE* OF THEM--THEN IT WOULD MAKE SENSE THEY MAINTAIN ORDER BY GENETICALLY ENGINEERING A VAST MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION. WE'RE PROBABLY IN A GROSS CLONE-HATCHERY FOR NORMAL PEOPLE.

GROSS!

THE GOOD NEWS IS, I DOUBT WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO ANY REAL TROUBLE.

UH...

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING OUT OF YOUR GROUPS? WHAT ROSTER ARE YOU?

MODELL

UH...

QUICK! WHAT WOULD A CLONE SAY?

YOU *ARE* A CLONE!

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

SOMEBODY CALL THE S--
MMPH!
THERE ARE HEAVILY ARMORED GUARDS JUST A FEW HALLS AWAY. WE HAVE TO GO. *NOW.*
KAINE! GIVE US OUR COSTUMES BACK!
BUT OUR COVER--
ALREADY BLOWN, AND I AM *NOT* FIGHTING NAKED AGAIN. THERE'S PROBABLY SOME J. JONAH JAMESON CLONE HERE AND I'LL *NEVER* GET THOSE PICTURES OFF THE INTERNET.
DON'T WORRY. AS LONG AS WE KEEP THIS CONTAINED TO THIS INSTALLATION WE SHOULD BE FINE.
"...OR NOT."
BOOM

WHEN JESSICA'S TRAINING KICKS IN, THE COLOR DRAINS OUT OF HER WORLD. THE FEAR, SO ALIVE INSIDE OF HER IN HER YOUNGER DAYS, IS MASTERED. STUFFED INTO HER BELLY AND FROZEN, LIKE STEVE ROGERS TAUGHT HER.

WHY WOULD A PERFECT SCIENTIFIC PARADISE FULL OF DOCILE CLONES NEED A HEAVILY ARMORED SECURITY FORCE?

IN THAT CLINICAL COLD, SHE SEES BEN REILLY, GRACEFUL AND RECKLESS AS A HART IN THE WOODS. SUPREMELY CONFIDENT, HE TURNS THROUGH SPACE, RED AND BLUE, LIKE THE PAINTBRUSH OF A VIRTUOSO. ALWAYS MOVING.

YOU KNOW WHY? *EVIL.* THAT'S WHY.

AND ALWAYS *TALKING.*

KAINE MOVES LIKE THE BOLTS OF RAGE THAT GALVANIZE HIM, LEAPING FROM FOE TO FOE, DEVASTATING ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

THWIP!

NO DANCER'S GRACE OR VERBAL FENCING, JUST SNARLS AND SAVAGERY. BUT HE ALWAYS PULLS BACK AT THE LAST SECOND, AFRAID OF HIS STRENGTH.

JESSICA READS THE BATTLE LIKE TEA LEAVES, SWIRLING THROUGH THEIR EDDIES, READING A HALF-SECOND INTO THE FUTURE.

SHE HAS NEITHER BRAINLESS SAVAGERY OR EASY, PRACTICED INTUITION. SHE ONLY STRIKES WHEN SHE *SEES.*

BUT WITH EVERY BATTLE, SHE SEES *MORE.*

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE DRAWN SOME ATTENTION.

THE *GOOD* KIND FOR ONCE!

LOOKS LIKE THE *CAVALRY'S* HERE!

WHAT IN THE GREAT WEB IS GOING ON HERE!?

HUH. THAT'S...

...THAT'S A WEIRD THING FOR TONY STARK TO SAY.

...SPIDERS? HERE?

IS THIS A TEST? IS JENNIX WATCHING US RIGHT NOW?

IT'S NOT A TEST, STARK. IT'S COMPLICATED. WE HAVE TO GET TO JENNIX, AND WE COULD REALLY USE YOUR HE--

WAIT!

SAW THAT COMING.

THREE SPIDERS LAND RIGHT IN MY LAP! JENNIX IS GOING TO BE VERY INTERESTED IN THIS.

UNG!

SHOULDN'T HAVE OPENED THAT FACE-PLATE.

COME ON. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THE OPEN.

CHAUCER, WHO WAS ACQUAINTED WITH DREAD, WARNED TO "HIRE A FULL LONG SPOON, THAT YOU WOULD EAT WITH A FIEND."

THERE ARE *SPIDERS* MOVING BETWEEN UNIVERSES IN UNHEARD-OF NUMBERS.

AND *JENNIX*, IN THE STERILE AND EMPTY HEART OF HIS WORLD, THOUGHT OF CHAUCER OFTEN. THAT EARTHY, VULGAR MAN WHO KNEW SO MUCH.

THE WEB IS *TREMBLING.*

JENNIX, THE WISE ONE, THE MASTER OF BILLIONS OF SOULS, KNOWS ALL.

THIS COULD BE THE MOST EXCITING WORK I'VE DONE IN A *CENTURY.*

JENNIX'S SPOON IS LONG.

AND A *FEAST*, OF COURSE. A FEAST SUCH AS WE'VE NEVER KNOWN.

WOE TO THE MORSELS THAT FALL INTO IT.

UNG. OKAY, TWO QUESTIONS.

ONE: WE'RE SOMEWHERE SAFE, RIGHT?

YES.

AND TWO: I KNOW I LET MY GUARD DOWN. IT WASN'T SMART. BUT WITH ALL THIS WEIRDNESS, I WAS CAUGHT OFF GUARD WITH HOW GOOD IT FELT TO SEE A FRIEND. I HAVEN'T SEEN A FAMILIAR FACE IN SO LONG.

OTHER THAN...WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

ANYWAY, THAT WASN'T A QUESTION BUT IT'S TIDIER ORGANIZING MY APOLOGIES WITH NUMBERS.

WELL, WE HAVE YOUR "FRIEND" IN THE NEXT ROOM. WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING FOR THE PAST *TWO HOURS*, I PAINSTAKINGLY TOOK HIS ARMOR OFF HIM.

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO DO *THAT?*

MY TONY STARK.

HOW MANY TIMES WERE YOU *ELECTROCUTED?*

JUST TWICE. BUT ONCE SOME KIND OF GAS HIT ME AND MADE ME PUKE.

NOT BAD.

NNG...

HOW DID YOU GET KAINE TO WAIT FOR ME BEFORE GETTING ANSWERS OUT OF TONY?

I ASKED NICELY.

HEY, I'M NOT SOME *ANIMAL.*

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

YOU'RE ***SPIDERS.*** YOU'RE ALL SPIDERS, FROM DIFFERENT UNIVERSES.

ACTUALLY, WE'RE CLONES OF SPIDERS. ***CLONES,*** JUST LIKE YOUR BOSSES. AND WE WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY GROW THEIR CLONE BODIES.

THERE IS ONLY ***ONE*** BOSS ON THIS WORLD, AND HIS NAME IS JENNIX.

TONY. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

WHAT "HAPPENED" TO ME? I'M THE CHIEF ARCHITECT OF ***THREE*** OF JENNIX'S CITIES. MY DESIGNS ARE THE FRAMEWORK FOR HALF OF HIS SECURITY SYSTEMS.

JENNIX SHARES HIS ***GENIUS*** WITH ME. ***THAT'S*** WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ***ME.***

FORGET IT. THIS ISN'T THE TONY STARK YOU KNEW. THIS IS JENNIX'S OWN RECIPE, USING A FEW FAMILIAR INGREDIENTS.

WE'RE IN *HIS* WORLD NOW. FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT'S ENTIRELY POPULATED BY CLONES HE'S SPECIFICALLY BRED FOR THEIR LOYALTY.

ENOUGH!

WHERE IS JENNIX'S HEADQUARTERS!? WHERE DOES HE MAKE THE CLONED BODIES OF HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS?!

HE'S THE GREATEST MIND ON THE PLANET. WHERE DO YOU *THINK* HIS HEADQUARTERS WOULD BE?

IT'S IN THE *BAXTER BUILDING.*

I DON'T SMELL A LIE ON HIM. AND I *WOULD.*

WHY WOULD YOU JUST *TELL* US THAT?

BECAUSE YOU'RE THREE SPIDERS AND I'M DELIVERING YOU RIGHT *TO* HIM. I'LL BE *REWARDED* FOR THIS.

YOU DON'T REALLY THINK YOU'RE GOING TO *WIN?*

WELL, ACTUALLY, TONY, I'M *SPIDER-MAN.*

SO, YEAH. I *DO.*

OKAY, TEAM. SO ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BREAK INTO THE MOST GUARDED, SCIENTIFICALLY ADVANCED BUILDING IN THE CITY AND DEFEAT THE MOST *DANGEROUS* FOES WE'VE EVER FACED.

AND WE NEED A PLAN FOR THIS IN THE NEXT HOUR OR TWO, BEFORE WE'RE INEVITABLY DISCOVERED HERE.

AND IT REALLY HAS TO BE A *GOOD* PLAN BECAUSE I MADE A REALLY COOL BOAST TO EVIL-TONY BACK THERE AND I DON'T WANT TO LOOK DUMB.

"PLANS" REALLY AREN'T MY THING.

WIDOW? HOW ABOUT YOU?

WHOA, THAT FAST? WOW.

PEOPLE FROM YOUR UNIVERSE MUST BE *SMART.*

SO WE'RE GOING TO NEED AN *ESCORT.*

YEAH. I HAVE A PLAN.

IT'S OBVIOUS, REALLY. THE PLACE IS IMPREGNABLE. WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO GET IN ON OUR OWN.

IT TAKES AN HOUR TO SNAP BEN INTO THE ARMOR. TRIPLE CHECKING EVERY STEP FOR BOOBY TRAPS. JESSICA POURS SWEAT. BEN JOKES THE ENTIRE TIME.

STILL SLICK WITH SWEAT. HER WRISTS ITCH UNDER THE RESTRAINTS.

BUT THEY ARE LET IN WITHOUT INCIDENT.

BUT GAINING ENTRY WAS ONLY THE FIRST PART OF HER PLAN. THE EASY PART.

I'VE GOT TWO CLONES HERE WHO AREN'T WITH THE PROGRAM. I'M BRINGING THEM TO JENNIX PERSONALLY.

THE MORE *IMPORTANT* PART WAS THE *DIVERSION.*

SNAP

SHE'S BROKEN FREE! STOP HER!

THE MASK FEELS GOOD. IT DRAGS A CURTAIN ACROSS THE OTHER, DIMMER, USELESS PARTS OF HER MIND. SHOWTIME.

JESSICA HAS ALWAYS KNOWN SHE WAS AN EXPERIMENT. A BETA-TEST. WORSE THAN A MISTAKE-- AN ENTRY IN A LEDGER.

EVERY DAY SINCE THEN, EVERY ACT, HAS BEEN A DENIAL. A CHALLENGE IN THE FACE OF MEANINGLESSNESS.

SHE THINKS, IF SHE CAN DO THIS, EVEN IF SHE DIES, IT WILL BE WORTH IT.

IF SHE CAN JUST BUY THEM THE TIME THEY NEED.

HEY! WHAT THE HELL?!

HEY, IRON MAN, HOLD UP FOR A SECOND!

THAT'S PETER PARKER! I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

J. STORM

TO BE CONTINUED...

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ZOMBIE